



the life of shelby



62 8 9

Chapter 1 by CAYLEE GARCIA

shelby is 11

to be continued...

Chapter 2 by Shelby Daugherty

Shelby is Awsome



Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



Why do you have to write "to be continued" at the end of all of your stories? This is STORY WARS. The entire point of this website is to continue your stories.

Oh, right, Shelby. You want me to talk about Shelby? Alright.

Think Sixteen and Pregnant, except it's Eleven and Pregnant, and also the star of the show is Shelby. You've heard a lot of rumors about her parents' efforts to squelch any and all talk on the matter, but in this matter, you're still her best friend. She hasn't told you yet, but you've been saying. And you hope that it stays that way. Never before have you been this popular. Shelby has always

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been stealing the damned limelight. No more, you say! From here on out, you're going to be the Queen Bee of Wagstaff Middle School.

And that's why you've been viciously grilling Shelby to keep her baby.

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



"I don't know about this," she says, sitting on her bed and rubbing her stomach. It's slightly bulged - not enough to be the work of a baby, if you hadn't known, but still visible. "It feels wrong. I don't think I could ever take care of a baby."

You shake your head. "I think you'd be an excellent mother. You need to have a little more confidence in yourself. What does Joe think?"

"Joe hasn't spoken to me since I told him the news," she said miserably. What a shame. She was always quite found of that school janitor.

Chapter 5 by Windlion



Okay, round two. Shelby isn't saying, but it's not hard to guess who the father is. She needs his support, and he owes it to her.

I corner Joe eating lunch at his bench in the furnace room. "Hi, Joe, could we talk for a few minutes?"

He looks up. "Hey, Caylee, how are you ... this is about your friend Shelby?"

"Your friend, too, Joe. She has a rough road ahead, and she is looking for you to step up and be responsible."

He turns away angrily. "Nothing I have to do. She can see the doctor and take care of that."

"It's not a 'that', Joe, it's the beginning of a human that's half yours -- am I right?"

"Maybe." His shoulders sagged. "Yes. Hell. Stupid. Now stupid. I'm going to be a father and I'm going to lose my job because I did."

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I nodded. Hadn't thought of that. I was pregnant was a volcano waiting to erupt and send a lot of people at Wagstaff looking for new careers.

"Does -- does she want to have the baby?" he whispered.

"Not really," I answered, "but she should. Why don't you let her tell you how she feels?"

Did I truly believe that she should, or am I making a life-crushing mess out of people's lives just so I can be the shining star?

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